

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Copper*.



"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT TEN-POUND NOTE YOU SENT TO GEORGE?"

THE LOST BANK NOTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE."

CHAPTER V.—THE LOSS.

"THIS is very strange, Maria," exclaimed Mr. West, while his wife and Frances Chambers sat by in consternation.

"It is marvellously strange, uncle," she replied. "I could have passed my word that the bank note was there."

"What has become of it?" reiterated Mr. West. "Who has had the keys?"

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"No one has had the keys but Maria," interposed Mrs. West. "They were taken from underneath Hester's pillow directly after her death, and given to her. Maria, you must have left them about. Can we have a thief in the house?"

"I assure you, aunt West, the keys have not been out of my possession," replied Maria. "No one could have touched them, and no one has."

"Then where's the hundred-pound note?" she returned.

A very natural sequence to the assertion. Maria could not answer. She began to feel uncomfortable,

I I PRICE ONE PENNY; OR WITH COLOURED ILLUSTRATION, TWOPENCE.

and Frances Chambers was gazing at her with a look of haughty inquiry.

"The note was safe in the pocket-book a few days before my aunt died," she said. "She wanted something out of it, and I took the pocket-book to her, and saw the note."

"When was that? Do you remember the day?" inquired Mr. West.

"Yes, uncle. It was this day week. The evening before Mrs. Barrington left."

Now it happened that Mr. West had also reason to believe the note was then safe—or, at any rate, that his sister Hester believed it to be. On that day, the Monday, he was in her room, and, curious to say, she spoke of the note to him. She was in low spirits, probably at parting with Mrs. Barrington. "Ah," she exclaimed to her brother, "I shall be the one to go next; not to another part of this globe, though, but into its sod"—little thinking how very near she was to it. "There's a hundred-pound note in my desk, in there, Joseph," she continued, pointing to the bureau: "there'll be expenses whenever I go, and—"

"You are not going yet," interrupted Mr. West, in his hearty way. "You have got a fit of the dumps."

"I don't say I am," she returned; "the money will keep; but there's no harm in saying what's to be done with it. When expenses that concern me shall have been paid, you'll give the rest that remains over to Oswald's two boys, Joseph; if you find they have been steady; but inquire into that first. I think they want it worse than any other part of the family."

Maria's cheeks were in a glow, and her eyes moist—for Mr. West was relating this to them.

"How kind, how very kind of aunt Hester to remember my brothers!" she uttered.

"Yes," said Mr. West; "but where's the money gone? I was going to say those words of your aunt's were a pretty good proof the note was safe then—and you say it was, also, Maria: so, where has it been spirited away to?"

"And the keys safe under Hester's pillow, or in Maria's pocket, ever since," put in Mrs. West. "Hester could not have touched it."

"Better search the bureau," cried the farmer.

"It is quite sure not to be there, uncle," observed Maria. "Nothing whatever is in the bureau but the Bible on which the desk stood; and the note could not have come out of a pocket-book and a locked desk of its own accord."

Nevertheless, they proceeded to the bed-room, and took out the clasped Bible, which left, as Maria had said, the place empty. It was readily seen that no note was there. The drawers underneath were searched, in spite of the improbability of the note's getting into them. All was in vain, and everybody felt uncomfortable and strange—Maria especially, for she had been in charge.

Mr. West turned the matter over in his mind. That the money had been abstracted he entertained no doubt, though by whom he could not conjecture; for he believed the servants to be honest. He deemed it likely that whoever took the note had converted it forthwith into gold; and if so, that had probably been done at Wyndham: so he determined to make inquiries. He went over there on the following morning, and came back looking so strange that Mrs. West wondered what could be the matter.

"Harriet, I'm like a person dazed," he began: "a person dazed. Who do you think took the note?"

Mrs. West was half afraid to respond, her husband

appeared so truly scared. She thought over the whole house, from herself downwards, but could fix upon none.

"I cannot tell," she faltered.

"My niece Maria."

"Mar—is!" she repeated, unable to get the word out, in her consternation; "Maria would not touch money that did not belong to her."

"Proof is proof," observed the farmer. "I went first to the bank, and inquired if any of my people had been there lately to change a hundred-pound note. Not that they knew of, they replied. From the bank I went to the principal shops and public-houses, but could hear no tidings of it; and next I went to the post-office. They had seen nothing of a note of that value, they said, but Miss Maria West had taken out two post-office orders for £5 each, last Wednesday, and had paid in a ten-pound note for them. Now I happen to know that Maria had no money of her own; so, where did she get it from? On the Monday previous, in taking something from her pocket, her purse came out and fell on the floor; Frances picked it up, and laughed at its emptiness; I was standing outside the open window, and heard the colloquy. Maria confessed, in a half-joking way, that she was as bare of money as her purse, but her ship might come in some time. By-and-by, when I was in the barn, Maria came out with some barley meal for the fowls. 'Is it a fact that you possess neither cross nor coin, gold nor silver?' I asked her, laughing, and I remember that she coloured up very much indeed as she answered, 'Neither gold nor silver; nor halfpence either, uncle,' and I am sure she was speaking the truth. I said I would give her a sovereign that week; and I meant to do so, but Hester's sudden death put it out of my head. Whence, then, could she get this ten-pound note to pay in on the Wednesday, unless she filched the hundred, and took it out of it?"

Mrs. West felt quite bewildered, astounded at the information. "Where did she send the money?"

"To Middleham, to her brother George," replied Mr. West. "I cannot take legal proceedings against her, she's my own brother's child, but expose her I will. This comes of giving a home to relations. What reason did she give for going over to Wyndham?"

"She would not give any, although I asked her; she said she wanted to do an errand for herself. Frances—dear me, how suspicious it looks, how our eyes are opened!—wished to go with her, but Maria declined her company; she must go alone, she said."

Mr. West paced the room in perturbation; he deemed it a clear case of guilt. He sent for Maria to him, and saw her alone.

"Where did you get that ten-pound note that you sent to George last Wednesday?" he abruptly began.

She was taken by surprise, and her face flushed to confusion.

"I would rather not say," she stammered out. "I had it from a friend, and I promised not to say."

"I don't believe you. What friend have you here, likely to lend you or give you money, except myself or my wife? Last Monday—I mean yesterday week—you told me you did not possess a shilling in the world. Was that true?"

Maria was very much pained and troubled, but she was obliged to give an answer; her stern uncle stood before her waiting for it.

"It is true I did not then, uncle; but indeed I did have some money given to me later."

"I don't doubt it," he sarcastically rejoined. "What did you do with the rest?"

"What rest?" she faltered, alarmed at his manner.

Mr. West approached her and hissed forth in her ear, "The rest of the hundred-pound note that is missing from your aunt's desk. It was you took it; it was you changed it. Maria, I could rather have believed any one in the house guilty than you, my brother's child."

Surprise and dismay struggled for mastery in Maria's countenance.

"Uncle," she gasped forth, "uncle, what are you saying?"

"I have been to-day to try and trace the hundred pounds. I find that on Wednesday last you took out post-office orders to send ten pounds to Middleham, which you must have paid for out of the note. Where did you change it?"

Maria burst into a storm of tears. She scarcely knew what words she spoke, save that they were an indignant and unqualified denial; but she spoke them in anger—that her own uncle was capable of suspecting her of crime! For a few minutes there was quite a commotion. Mr. West was loud and bitter, while Maria treated the charge as an outrage—an insult; but her sobs exhausted her, and her uncle calmed down.

"You say you know nothing of the note; where, then, did you get the money you paid into the post-office?" he kept reiterating; and Maria bent her head, but made no reply. "You are pretty lavish of money, to send a present of ten pounds to your brother! What could he do with it? only throw it away at mischief. As I have said to your aunt, I cannot bring you to public punishment, for it would reflect disgrace on all who bear the name of West. What is to become of you?"

Maria essayed to interrupt him; but her sobs were loud and quick, and drowned the words.

"What is to become of you, I say, you unhappy girl? Did you think of the future when you helped yourself to what was not yours? Do you suppose Alfred Letsom will make you his wife now?"

But Mr. West was talking to one who heard him not; for Maria had lost consciousness. He supposed she had fainted, and summoned aid. They laid her on a couch; but when she revived, it was not to full reason, but to a species of delirium.

It was the commencement of an illness that lasted for many weeks. The fatigue of attending on her aunt for months and months, the shock and distress caused her by the visit of George, the quickly-following shock of her aunt's sudden death, and now the terror of the accusation, all combined to tell upon a system not over-strong, and nervous fever supervened. Meanwhile the news flew about the house and the neighbourhood, far and wide, that Maria West had abstracted a hundred-pound note from her dead aunt's desk, and had changed it at Wyndham. To do Mr. and Mrs. West justice, they were not the first to propagate this: it was Frances Chambers; but they made no scruple in confirming it. They both felt certain of her guilt, and the second day of her illness they searched every box and drawer belonging to her for the missing money; but it was nowhere to be found.

Common humanity imposed silence on the subject in her presence, while Maria was upon her sick-bed; but when she rose from it, her uncle made a formal appeal to her to confess the truth to him. The interview was a long one, but apparently not satisfactory; for Maria was weeping hysterically at its conclusion, and Mr. West went forth with an angry face, muttering hot words about obstinate duplicity. She was not down stairs till summer. One day when she was yet too weak to be capable of exertion, and her head was resting on a pillow placed at the back of her easy chair, there was a

tap at the sitting-room door, and Mr. Lister came in. She attempted to rise.

"Now, if you disturb yourself, I will go away," he exclaimed, insisting upon her laying her head down again, and Maria, who had not strength to battle the question, was fain to acquiesce. He drew a chair close, and took her hand.

"I am so glad to see you thus far recovered."

"It had been almost better for me that I had died," she answered.

"Hush! you must not give way to despondency. You will gain strength and health every day now."

"It is not the health that I am thinking of, Mr. Lister. A blow has been struck at me that I shall never forget; the disgrace will cloud my life, and embitter it to its end."

"No, no," he gently said, mistaking her words to imply conscious guilt, but feeling that in her present depressed state, both of mind and body, the chief consideration must be to soothe her. "It would, indeed, be hard if one fault, fallen into perhaps in a moment of overwhelming temptation, or impelled by grave necessity, should stamp a whole life with remorse."

"Mr. Lister!" she uttered with a hysterical catching of the breath, "is it possible that *you* believe me guilty?"

It was a question of embarrassment. Of all whom he knew, the clergyman could least have believed in the guilt of Maria West; but he had been most positively assured of it by the family, and the facts were so represented to him, that he had no resource but to accord them credence. Maria saw his perplexity, and clasped her hands.

"What must you have thought of me?" she impulsively uttered.

"I did not think harshly of you, as perhaps some others did. I—"

"Not in that way," she interrupted "but—but—" she had to collect breath and strength before going on. "Mr. Lister, you and I have had some little insight into the bent of each other's thoughts: we have spoken seriously of the world to come, of the necessity of striving for it. You suffered me to converse on these subjects with you: you saw more of my inward mind, heard more of my aspirations and hopes, than any one else has done; then, remembering this, you must either have known I was wrongfully accused, or else have condemned me as being one of the worst of hypocrites in the sight of God."

"It has been a painful puzzle to me, a stumbling-block, but I was not allowed to refuse credence."

"What I have affirmed, Mr. Lister, to those around me, I will now affirm to you: it may be that you will listen to me; they will not. I am innocent."

He gazed at her earnest, sad eyes, at their appealing expression of candour and truth; and the impression began to grow upon him that she was innocent.

"As truly as that I must one day answer to my Maker; nay, in his hearing now, I affirm it to you: I am innocent. I know nothing whatever of the money: I did not touch it; I cannot imagine what became of it."

"I believe you," said Mr. Lister, speaking in the impulse of his full conviction.

"How could you have believed me guilty?" she resumed, scarcely able to keep the sobs of humiliation from bursting forth. "Did you think I had worn a wicked mask, in pretending to you that I hoped to do right, to live as blamelessly as I could, whilst all the while I was planning crimes and executing them?"

"My dear young lady, I repeat to you that, however unwilling I was to believe you guilty, those around you assured me there was no other alternative. Looking at the facts as they represented them, I did not see that there was. Whilst I could not believe you took the note, I yet found it strange, nay, I found it suspicious, that you should refuse to say whence you obtained the money you paid into the post-office, being yourself without. You see I am speaking to you without reserve."

"I was wrong there," returned Maria; "I was under a promise not to say whence I had the ten pounds; but in an urgent case like this, perhaps you think it would have been better to forfeit my promise, and declare the truth to my uncle."

"Then why not tell him now?" eagerly demanded the clergyman.

"I have told him," she replied: "in the only private interview I have had with my uncle since my illness, I told him the facts. I will tell them to you, if you will listen to me, for I cannot bear that you should think me guilty. Do you remember the Sunday afternoon previous to my aunt's death, you saw me standing at the garden stile, and stopped to speak?"

"I do," he replied, "and I remember our conversation. I quitted you, thinking how few were so estimable."

"In another minute I was startled by the sight of my eldest brother. He had walked over from Middleham to see me—me alone; he had reasons for not wishing to be seen by the household. He was in grievous trouble, from which nothing but money could extricate him; he had made it all up save ten pounds, and that he wanted to beg of me. I had it not, and he went back in despondency. I could not ask my uncle—he is not charitable to failings, but I did ask my aunt Hester that same night, and she refused. On the Monday evening—she had been in weak, subdued spirits all day, and I think that had softened her—she called me to her, and said she would give me the money for George, to save him from disgrace. I brought her desk to her, and she gave me the ten-pound note out of it, and told me I could go to Wyndham, and send it him by post-office orders. She also gave me half-a-crown when she heard I was without money; for the few shillings I had possessed, I gave to George. But she strictly charged me not to mention her gift to my uncle and aunt West, and I made the promise. Mr. Lister, this is the plain truth. Do you believe me?"

Yes, he did believe her.

"But my uncle will not. He ridiculed it, and told me I was adding duplicity to duplicity; he declared I had concocted the tale as I lay in bed. Now do you wonder I should say to you that it had been almost as well I had died in my illness?"

"I do wonder excessively," replied Mr. Lister. "I can understand that guilty persons should give way to despondency, but not the innocent. Why, the very consciousness of your innocence should bear you up. Where is your trust in God?"

Maria burst into tears.

The clergyman rose, and bending over her, spoke solemnly: "Be strong, and faint not; be strong in the mighty refuge of God. Did any ever trust in him, and be ashamed? No; never since the world began. Comfort yourself with his own promise; let it be your consolation as you lie down, and as you rise up: 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass. He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.'"

DR. FORD OF MELTON.

THERE are few people belonging to the present generation, or among those that remain of the past in Leicestershire, who have not heard something of Dr. Thomas Ford, for forty-six years the vicar of Melton Mowbray. No biography of him has ever been published; but the following sketch, taken from some printed notes found in the library of the museum in that town, may be interesting even to those who have neither personal nor traditional knowledge of him.

He was born in 1742, at Bristol; his father was a physician, and attended Queen Charlotte during the latter years of her reign. His practice must have advanced both in profit and eminence, for the Doctor told one of his parishioners, in looking over his father's accounts, he found in the early ones a charge of five shillings for "pricking a vein," and the latter ones contained a charge of five pounds for the same. The son received an excellent education. He was sent to Westminster, which was then in high favour with the aristocracy, in 1755, and completed his studies at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree of LL.D. in 1770.

No one ever entered life, perhaps, with more serious hindrances in the way of godliness—his family are said to have been opposed to religion—his friends and associates, among the high and great, were undisguised in their contempt for it; for those were days when the church seemed sunk into deep sleep, and fashion had set in strongly against seriousness. Besides this, he had a brilliant wit and great vivacity, which not only laid him open to the snares of the world, but also indisposed him to all solemn subjects or thoughts. But God wills, and who can let!—the church was indeed dark, but it was emerging from the cloud, not entering into it, and he was attracted by the struggling beams of its returning light. The persecution suffered by dissenters at that time engaged his sympathy, and it pleased God to give him such a love for the gospel, that he felt called on to make fellow cause with any and all who, as he believed, were fighting for it.

About the time of his entering on the ministry he married a lady named Sage, with whom he enjoyed a long and happy union. He was nominated by Bishop Porteus to Stockwell Chapel, Lambeth, and preached as lecturer at Saint James's, Aldgate. At the age of thirty he was presented to the vicarage of Melton and its hamlets by Lord Howe, and soon distinguished himself by his extraordinary exertions, both in and out of the pulpit.

His zeal for the promotion of education was unbounded, and his labour went hand in hand with his zeal. His sabbath work was almost incredible; he took an egg at an early breakfast, and then fasted till night. He officiated three times in full services in Melton church, and once in one or other of the hamlets. When he returned from this last-mentioned service he would stop at the churchyard, throw the bridle over his old horse "Edlin," and tell him to go home, which he did, while his master went into the church.

The receipts of the living, which are now said to be about £600, amounted then to £170. He looked diligently after the parish funds, that they might be well bestowed, but took little care for his own. Being well aware that his indifference to money was not a prevailing characteristic among his hearers, he took advantage of the fact in one of his sermons, to attract their attention—thus: "My dear friend Mr. J. is dead, and I daresay you want to know how he has left his property,

and whom he has left it to." After keeping them in suspense a short time, he added, "He died very rich, and I will tell you of a legacy that he has left you. He died worth the unsearchable riches of Christ, and has left you a good example—isn't that a rich legacy?"

Although, towards the close of his career in Melton, he was partially ensnared by the world, which, loth to lose one that could so ably minister to gratification by wit and pleasantry, spread its meshes wily for him, he appears to have been capable of rebuking publicly what he knew to be wrong, to the great discomfiture of his tempters.

Finding that the gentlemen of the hunt made a practice of coming into church after the prayers, just to hear his sermon, he said, "I'll be a match for them!" Accordingly, he took to preaching his sermon first, and reading the prayers afterwards.

His peculiarities and great eccentricities, which must have interfered with the profitableness of his ministry, he was aware of, and attributed them to the mismanagement of him in early life by his mother, at whose portrait he would shake his head and say, "Ah, you sad woman! you spoilt me, you know you did!"

In referring to the latter part of Dr. Ford's life, we cannot do better than quote, almost verbatim, from the source whence our information is derived:—

"There is no task more difficult in writing than to indite an impartial biography. The task of the biographer is one which weds him so strongly in mental affinity to the virtues which a character of deep religious sentiment like Dr. Ford's necessarily displays, that he feels a difficulty and a delicacy in approaching and recording such shades of character as are indicative of the strength and activity of the innate principles of human frailty. Yet that this difficulty and delicacy arise from a false notion of the character of a mortal man, becomes immediately evident to a thoughtful observer, inasmuch as they proceed upon the idea that the life of a Christian man is of course entirely freed from those habits, and that manner of life, which signify the corruption which dwelleth within. And is not the notion false, which forgets the weak and impure nature with which the Christian has to struggle? Is not the idea unsound, which forgets that law in the members, which warreth against the law in the spirit, and causeth, or ought to cause, in the strongest and most faithful soldier of the cross, that sentiment of the wretchedness of his nature, which compels him to cry out for deliverance from the body of this death?"

We have quoted thus much to preface an era in the life of Dr. Ford, which we confess a pain in referring to. But, seeing the necessity of speaking the truth in simplicity, and pointing the finger of warning to all ministers of the gospel in this particular page of our minister's history, we shall briefly fill in the dark shadow of that picture, which is made so much more prominent and apparent by the brilliancy of the light which surrounds it.

The great enemy of souls, who had found the minister unassailable on the side of one great vice of the age, covetousness, and had beheld him active in preaching the gospel of salvation, took, in the later years of the Doctor's life, a more wary method of attacking him. Witty, amusing, and generally accomplished as the Vicar of Melton was, it was quite in the natural course of things that the noblemen and gentlemen, who then began to make Melton a winter residence, should be anxious to have his company at their dinners and evening parties. He, whose wit obliged a near connection actually to shut himself up in his own room lest he

should be injured with laughing, was of course a person whose acquaintance the aristocracy who visited Melton were very anxious to cultivate.

Dr. Ford so far fell into the snare as to take undue pleasure in the society of those who are great in this world's estimation. The illustrious and splendid society which bestowed on him the title of friend, was, perhaps, unconsciously the means of a perceptible dulness in his religious life. How easy is it for ministers of talent to err in this particular! What excuses the enemy furnishes! They seek the rich, the noble, the wealthy, *to do them good, of course!* Soldiers of the cross, beware. When in such company you need more than ordinary watchfulness, more than ordinary protection.

It was at this period that it pleased the Divine Author of all good to give the minister warnings of various kinds, calculated to recall him from the worldliness into which he appeared to be digressing.

Dr. Ford still continued to visit the sick and the poor. He was attending the sick-bed of a pious woman, of whom he had the highest opinion. One day, this poor woman heard that her pastor had been up late the last night, with some gentlemen of the hunt. So, when Dr. Ford came again, with the message of mercy and peace on his lips, she could not refrain from tears.

"What ails you, Mary; why do you cry?" said the Doctor kindly.

"Oh, sir," she replied, "how can you come to me with such beautiful words of consolation in your mouth, while you act so differently from what you tell us is necessary? Oh, sir, they tell me that you spent all last night playing cards; oh, pray do not let such things be said of you."

The heart once watered by the sweet dews of heavenly grace is not long in responding when God wills it. At such touching words as these, we are told that not down that poor woman's face alone, but from the eyes of the conscience-stricken minister, the tears rolled fast and heavily. And the simple promise which the minister is reported to have given that, by God's help, he would never repeat the cause of disquietude, was doubtless registered in heaven amid the holy joy of the sons of God.

To other religious friends at this period, Dr. Ford admitted the temptation by which he felt himself beset, and we think it sufficiently evident that the difficulties by which a minister must always be surrounded when he has in any measure fallen from a high position, were a main reason for his resigning the living of Melton, and quitting the country and neighbourhood. Two other reasons may also have contributed to this step. It had always been the sentiment of Dr. Ford, that he would cease to be vicar of Melton as soon as he should discover himself unable to perform its duties unaided. Now he was getting into years, and the strict performance of three or four duties every Sunday, besides weekly services and saints' days, must have pressed somewhat heavily upon his declining strength. But there was no visible want of energy, and those who knew him did not perceive much evidence of weariness or decay; so that this alone could scarcely be a sufficient reason for giving up his ministerial duties. It is said by some, that the idea that the living of Melton was solely dependent on his life or resignation, caused him to retire, thinking that the next incumbent had waited long enough. With such a man as Dr. Ford, this feeling may have had its weight. It is said that his health, too, was affected by the climate of Melton. Let the reader form his own judgment as to the cause. We learn from "the notes," that the Doctor resigned the living in June 1820, and went to reside in

Bristol, his native place. While there, he frequently preached at the church of St. Mary le Port, and it appears that the eclipse his faith and practice had suffered passed away, and that his latter end was in accordance with his bright beginning.

On the Sunday before his death, he preached on the text, "Those who sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him." He died May 13th, 1821, in his seventy-ninth year. A Bristol paper says that he had attended prayers in the cathedral the morning before, when the service by King, in F was performed—a service of which he was particularly fond, having been accustomed to hear it from his boyhood. He was through life an enthusiastic lover of sacred music.

There are several important lessons to be learned from the consideration of this character:—

First, Humility in judging. They who are without his peculiar endowments, are not capable of estimating the power of the temptations to which they exposed him. Second, Diligence to keep in subordination all gifts, that they do not prove snares and hindrances in the way of life. Others will suggest themselves to the enlightened mind, as no doubt these had already done.

Of the numerous anecdotes still told, we give a few:—

On one occasion, when reading Numbers xv, in verse 32, where it is written, "They found a man that gathered sticks upon the sabbath day," the Doctor turned to an old woman, a somewhat notorious hedge-breaker, who sat underneath the desk, and said, "Gathering sticks only, not breaking hedges, Priscy—not breaking hedges."

In one of his evening lectures he remarked, "Out of Zion hath God appeared in perfect beauty. Now, what do you come here to see? Each other's beauty!"

One Ash Wednesday, upon reading the Commutation, the Doctor said, "Here are many of God's curses against sinners, for various crimes—for adultery and so on, and perhaps you won't say amen to them, will you? However, if you won't, the clerk shall."

The Doctor once met with a reply in one of his pastoral addresses. Seeing an old parishioner and his wife at church, he took occasion during the course of the service to observe, "And I am very glad to see Mr. L. at church this morning, very glad indeed." "And so should I be glad, Doctor," returned Mrs. L., "if you would read the prayers as you ought to do."

Sometimes he would stop in the middle of the Psalms and cry out, "Now listen; I'm going to give you a short sermon to-day, so I'll explain to you now a little about the Psalms—you had better stand up while I tell you."

One Sunday, when he thought the congregation appeared not very attentive, he stopped a considerable time in his sermon without speaking a word. When full attention was directed towards him he said, "Do you now know why I stopped? It was because I knew if I were silent you would pay more attention to me than if I spoke—why is this?"

When preaching a charity sermon at Melton, some gentlemen of the hunt entered the church rather late. He stopped and cried out, "Here they come, here come the red-coats; they know some Christian duties; there's not a man among them that is not good for a guinea."

The following anecdote we have already seen in print. His passion for sacred music was publicly known from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. His admiration of Handel's Oratorio, the Messiah, was carried to such an excess, that he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester, that he did not sing it quite through. His performance

served as a pedometer, by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton Bridge, he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus, "Lift up your heads," when he arrived at Brooksby Gate; and "Thanks be to God," the moment he got through Thurmaston toll-gate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the Amen chorus always at the cross in the Belgrave Gate.

The Doctor was himself a performer, had a good library of music, and always took Handel's score with him on his musical journeys. I think it was at Birmingham Festival that he was sitting with his book on his knee, humming the music with the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, "I did not pay to hear you sing." "Then," said the Doctor, "you have that into the bargain."

It is to be lamented that his eccentricity was at times not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once when the clerk was giving out the tune, he stopped him, saying, "Charles, you have pitched too low; follow me." Then clearing up his voice, he lustily began the tune. When the psalmody went to his mind he enjoyed it, and in his paroxysms of delight would dangle one, or both of his arms, over the side of the pulpit during the singing.

Of so singular a character it is well that this record should be given. His eccentricities and his faults are obvious, and have only to be described to be condemned and avoided. But the thoughtful reader will also gather profitable lessons from his whole life.

RARE AND CURIOUS POSTAGE STAMPS.

A FORMER article on Postage Stamps having interested many of our readers, we give another page of specimens, including some which are regarded as curious or rare. In the following rambling notes, the writer has been obliged to make frequent reference to prices, money value being the only value that non-stamp collectors can appreciate; and most collectors estimate thus the worth of their specimens.

It would be a difficult task for any one to say which is the scarce stamp. An opinion is pretty widely spread (through the ignorance of writers on this subject) that the Rocky Mountain Pony Express (Wells-Fargo and Co.) is the scarcest. This, however, is not the case; they can be procured for as low sums as five and six shillings each. Let it be borne in mind, that a stamp that is scarce to-day may be comparatively common to-morrow; so that "rarity" is an element of commercial value rather variable. However much difficulty there may be in fixing on the scarcest, there is none whatever in deciding which are the commonest. Excepting the penny English, the twenty and forty centime stamps of France and Belgium decidedly are.

Stamps may be arranged in four classes:—

Firstly. Those belonging to kingdoms, principalities, and duchies.

Secondly. Colonies, possessions, and dependencies.

Thirdly. Confederations, republics, cantons, and presidencies; and

Fourthly. Towns and districts having separate stamps, but not a separate government.

When thus placed, we find that the second class has most issuing countries, i.e. forty-five; but that the first has issued most stamps, and that of these, Spain possesses the greatest number, i.e. sixty-three. We may

notice in passing, that the devices of stamps belonging to kingdoms, and other monarchies, have changed fewer times than those of any other class.

The ordinary size of stamps is about the same as the English. There are, of course, some overgrown stamps: the largest are the 600 reis of Brazil, and the present sixpenny and shilling New South Wales; the smallest is the quarter schilling of Mecklenburg Schwerin. The greatest value borne by any stamp is the four dollar (16s. 8d.) Pony Express; the least values are the one centimes (the tenth part of a penny) of France and Belgium; the least values in English money are the halfpenny Maltese and Ceylonese.

The rudest or most coarsely executed stamps are those of Moldavia and Moldo-Wallachia, which are struck off on any kind of paper, by a small hand-stamp; and the British Guiana newspaper and Interinsular Sandwich Isles, which are printed from type. The most beautiful stamp is the Nova-Scotian twelve and a half cent, manufactured in the United States, and universally called the *queen of stamps*. A recent number of a well-known Belgian newspaper says of it, "Never, perhaps, has the engraver's art created aught more lovely in so circumscribed a space; and it is only to be regretted that this little masterpiece must ever be outraged by the cancelling mark." We are afraid our engraving is hardly up to this pitch of excellence.

The Confederate States have apparently already introduced the United States system of allowing the business of the post-office to be monopolized to a great extent by private speculators. Two of the stamps—Mobile and New Orleans—on our page of illustrations belong to these gentlemen; but the one having the head of Jefferson Davis is a government stamp.

Italy had many curious and artistic stamps, which are now scarce, being replaced by a hideously embossed head of Victor Emmanuel. Of two of these old species—Naples and Tuscany—we give engravings. The Tuscan was the first issued by Tuscany; the Naples is gradually disappearing from the market—the ten grano is the rarest, and a good copy now fetches five or six shillings. In nine months' time it will be worth double this price.

The origin of the two Danish stamps represented is very mysterious; there are very few of them to be met with, and it is not at all known when they were issued; some affirm they are *essays* or *trial* stamps; but the generality of persons think they were issued for use, but for some reason or other recalled. A London dealer told us that two months back he sold a pair for ten shillings and sixpence. In Iceland, the Danish stamps are used. Some little time ago it was rumoured that the Icelanders had issued a stamp of their own, and on reference to the Standard Catalogue it was found that there was one mentioned, the device being a bear, and the word "vulnere." An enthusiastic collector shortly afterwards noticed on a pomatum pot a label answering this description, and on inquiry at the shop where he purchased it, found that instead of this stamp being the copyright of Iceland, it was the property of the barber.

To the late Earl of Dalhousie the people of India owe the establishment of the system of cheap and uniform postage. A letter is now conveyed from Peshawur, on the borders of Afghanistan, to the southernmost village of Cape Comorin (1500 miles in a straight line), for a half anna (three farthings), and all other distances are at a proportionally cheap rate. The Indian stamp we have selected for our page was first printed in 1854, and continued to be used until the 1st September, 1858,

when the East India Company's rule was at an end; the head of the stamp is printed in blue, and the framework in red.

Stamps are very seldom printed in more than one colour. The exceptions are the last mentioned Indian, the registered South Australian, and some of the Swiss cantons, which are printed in two colours. Russian and Polish stamps are printed in three colours.

Some countries we find split up into sections, each one having stamps of its own. A noticeable instance of this is Switzerland. Originally it was divided into "Rayons" having numbers: these stamps would only frank a letter in the Rayon issuing them; now there are separate stamps for the larger towns, cantons, and all Switzerland. Geneva has one, the half of which pays a letter in the town, and the whole in the canton. The Brunswick (engraving) can be used as a quarter, half, three-quarters or one gute groschen, as may be required. This system of dividing stamps is shortly to be used as a means of defacement; the French have issued a stamp divided into two portions by perforation: the upper half bears the head of the Emperor, and the lower is inscribed, "Laissez flotter cette partie inférieure;" only the upper half of the stamp is gummed, thus allowing the lower half to be torn off by the defacing clerk; the letter will therefore arrive at its destination with only half of the stamp adhering, which consequently cannot be used again.

In Brazil the stamp is very frequently used to seal the letter, and, much to the delight of collectors, is as frequently overlooked at the post-office, and not defaced at all.

The United States three cent stamp which we have given is at present an essay: it will most likely take the place of the present three cents, next year; it is extremely rare. The United States have not got any four cent stamp, and the year before last, a certain postage requiring that amount to be paid, instead of engraving a fresh stamp, they embossed the three and one cent stamps together on one piece of paper. Only 35,000 were issued, from July to December 1861, at which time it was discontinued.

Some of the early British Guiana stamps were printed in black on white paper—a very unusual method for a colony. The stamp we engrave bears the date 1-8-5-3 in the corners; this one date was borne by all stamps from 1853 to 1860, irrespective of the year in which they were issued. After that time, it was changed to 1-8-6-0 in the corners, and is now—in 1863—printed in this manner. These, as well as many other West Indian—the pretty Antigua included, are made by Messrs. Waterlow and Son.

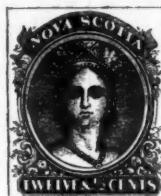
Almost all the English colonial stamps are manufactured in London, and it appears that different firms take different parts of the globe; for instance, Messrs. De la Rue make the Asiatic; Dando, Todhunter, and Smith, the African; Perkins and Bacon, generally colonial.

The Nicaraguan stamp is slowly coming into England. Seven months ago it could not have been procured for any price. Five months ago a few collectors obtained it, and then the rage for it began. Thirty-three shillings was paid two or three times for the two centavos; the five fetched about half that. A person had it copied and engraved, only advertising it in two papers as a very perfect facsimile, and such was the eagerness to possess even an imitation of the original, that he was enabled to sell seventy-five proofs, at one shilling each, in about a month. He only printed this number, or he could have sold four or five times the quantity. These were advertised as imitations; but young collectors had

RARE AND CURIOUS POSTAGE STAMPS.



INDIA.



NOVA SCOTIA.



VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.



NEW ORLEANS.



MOBILE.



UNITED STATES.



CONFEDERATE STATES.



BRUNSWICK.



BRITISH GUIANA.



ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION.



NICARAGUA.



DENMARK.



HONG-KONG.



ANTIGUA.



DENMARK.



BUENOS AIRES.



TURKEY.



MECKLENBURG.



NAPLES.



SANDWICH ISLANDS.



ENGLISH PERMIT.



TUSCANY.

better be on their guard against forgeries, which are too common in the market.

The variations in the price of stamps is noteworthy. A stamp fetching sixpence or a shilling one evening, the next will realize but a penny or twopence, some merchant's clerk or office boy, with an eye to business, having rummaged to some purpose for a packet of old letters laden with the stamps in demand. We have seen a set of the Nevis stamps, the same evening pass from hand to hand for four, six, and eight shillings successively, and even at the last price bought to sell again at a profit. In contrast to these high prices, we will just state what perhaps will hardly be believed—that some boys do a regular business at the stamp exchange, in selling obliterated penny English stamps at three-pence per 1000. What profit they can get does not appear.

Nicaraguan stamps can now be procured at a shilling or one and sixpence each.

The Sandwich Islands stamps are the rarest of any that are in actual circulation; besides the one that we give, there are six others.

The large English engine-turned label or permit, which we give, is one of the 2400 designs sent in to Government in 1839, for the proposed envelopes and stamps. This one was recommended by the Royal Commission, but never used: they were called "Go-frees" by Mr. Whiting, the suggester.

As will be seen in our page illustration, Turkey has at length joined other European nations in having stamps for prepayment of letters. As it is contrary to religious usage, and indeed strictly forbidden by the Koran, to make likenesses and portraits (a law which photography is exploding), the stamp bears the signature of the Sultan. The specimen engraved is the five piastre stamp. There are three other stamps of various values.

The upper part of the stamp contains the Tura, or imperial symbol of the Turks. Beneath the Tura, contained in the crescent-moon, is the name (read from left to right) Sultan Aziz Chan. Below, amidst the ornamental scroll, is the sign which represents 5 in the Turkish language.

It was only a short time before the death of the late reforming Sultan, Abdul Medjid, that efforts were commenced to regulate the postal service. Formerly private letters could only be sent by friends or travelling merchants happening to be going to the place to which they were addressed. The letters of government had to be sent by couriers on horseback, travelling day and night, never stopping until they arrived at their destination, changing their horses at the different places they passed.



Among the various forms of paper money which the United States Government has been compelled to adopt are postage notes, of one of which we give an en-

graving. These notes, payable in postage stamps on demand, have proved a useful help in the scarcity of metallic currency.

ROMAN ARMIES.

BY F. T. BUCKLAND, ESQ.
(Author of "Curiosities of Natural History.")

In the museum of the United Service, Whitehall, lectures are frequently delivered on subjects interesting to those who follow the profession of arms, or devote their services to the Royal Navy. Strangers also are admitted to the lectures, by an order from a member; and ladies not unfrequently honour the lecturer with their presence. Reading lately some speech on military duties and discipline, addressed to Volunteers, I was reminded of a lecture which I heard some time ago at the United Service Museum, upon the military and sanitary institutions of the Roman armies and the causes of the decay of the legions, by J. Bird, Esq. M.D. F.R.C.P. What I can remember of this valuable lecture may be useful to some readers of "The Leisure Hour."

It was most interesting to hear a comparison drawn between the state of warfare and military tactics as they exist in our own days, and as they formerly existed in the economy of the most warlike and most victorious of ancient nations, the Romans. The lecturer began by stating that the Romans, who remained invincible for nearly nine centuries, were "good soldiers" in the proper acceptation of the word; that is, they took pains and trouble to learn the details of their profession, they attended to little things, well knowing that small details well considered and well acted upon, produce great and important results.

The Romans had also their military literature, and he quoted several names of writers whose works are unfortunately now quite lost; still, however, enough has been preserved to show many of the rules and regulations which governed their service.

The Romans learnt much of their art of war from the Greeks; their writers quoted frequently from Greek authors, and were always wide awake to improvement; whenever and wherever they saw anything better than what they had already got in their own system, they immediately adopted it. Their chief success, however, depended upon "discipline," in the fullest meaning of the word. Since their time, the modes of actual fighting have been much changed; the Romans had no gunpowder; but even though gunpowder is so much used in our own time, genuine downright courage, or, as it is vulgarly called, "pluck," gains the day with us, as it did formerly with the Romans. Being fully aware of this fact, they paid the greatest attention to their recruits. In our own times, the best recruits are young, strong, and active men, who have spent their lives, and have been brought up in the country; inured from their infancy to hard work, not exposed to city temptations, and accustomed to frugal diet, they find themselves, for the most part, better off as soldiers in the ranks than as clowns at the plough-tail. The recruits from towns, on the contrary, have tasted the sweets of luxury more or less, their systems are enfeebled by the habits most of them have necessarily contracted, and in consequence they sooner break down under hardships. As with us, so with the Romans, they made a point of choosing their recruits from the country, rejecting those from the towns and populous districts; for, as a Roman military writer tells us, "An army was never victorious that did not take pains with its recruits." Again,

"A recruit should be taught that good conduct meets with its reward;" and also, he says, that "self-respect and self-reliance prevent flight, and gains victory."

After the recruits had entered the service, they were daily trained to hard work, endurance, and fatigue, till they were fit to enter the ranks as "passed men."

The Chinese still keep up this custom, and make their men work harder as recruits, than they would ever be called to do in actual service.

Even among the highest class of Roman officers, strict discipline was maintained, and each had his allotted duty to perform; and this duty he was expected to know well. The army was as miscellaneous as our own; they had heavy-armed men, and light-armed men, each differently equipped, with helmets, cuirass, greaves, short swords (like the Spanish swords of the present day), with long javelins to resist cavalry, or to be used as projectiles, and with short javelins for hand-to-hand combat. They had foreign troops, cavalry, archers, slingers, engineers, medical officers, and inspectors over each and every department. They had a commissariat department, whose duty it was to select good positions for camps, to order the arrangement of those camps, and especially to see that both man and beast were well supplied with necessaries; we therefore find that the men had "wood in winter, water in abundance in summer, and corn, wine, and vinegar at all times." They were marched off at early morning, never exposed, if possible, to the heat of the sun at mid-day, nor to marshy vapours at night. In summer and autumn, their camping ground was frequently changed, to avoid the necessary accumulation of filth, and pure water was above all things always provided; for they regarded "bad water as a sort of poison, and a cause of epidemic disease." Besides all this, they accumulated stores in their cities, ready for the use of the army in time of necessity; for, as a Roman writer remarks, "Famine is a more wanton destroyer than the sword." When, moreover, in camp, their muscular condition was attended to, by means of frequent marchings and drillings. Why, then, need we wonder that soldiers so well looked after, so well fed, and so well trained, should prove themselves conquerors in the day of battle, against undisciplined and barbarous nations?

Very many of our military customs are copies of those which were adopted by the Romans long ago; and what we call the *new* science of "Military Hygiene," was fully understood and acted on by the Roman commanders, in nearly all its essential details. The engineer officers of the Roman armies were well trained in their profession. Their great object was always to choose good and commanding positions; they always took advantage of high ground, of a wood in front, and of a morass in the rear, etc.; they planned and executed their fortifications with skill. They made their ramparts high, and their ditches deep and easily flooded with water, to prevent the mining operations of the enemy. They covered the woodwork of their doors and gates with plates of iron and thick leather, to save them from fire, and they erected a formidable portcullis on any important approach to a fort. They carefully stored away provisions, fuel, provender, etc., in their fortified cities, and above all, abundance of bitumen, sulphur, and pitch, besides an iron apparatus for heating these terrible fiery destroyers of life, and of the war engines of the besiegers. Does the reader require to know how these, as well as the burning pitch etc., were brought into operation? let him read the writings of Josephus and others, and he will see what formidable weapons of destruction they were.

As long as the Romans kept up their system of dis-

cipline, and their strictness in choosing recruits, their armies were victorious over all; but when the days of effeminacy and luxury arrived in the empire, the army caught the infection: the soldiers began to complain of the weight of their arms and their accoutrements, the insufficiency of their diet, and of the frequency of drill. They became idle, disaffected, and grumblers; bad recruits were taken, who turned out worse than useless. "The name of Legion yet remained, but its strength and vigour was gone." They met in battle array the wild hordes of the Goths; they came face to face with the savage tribes of the Huns; they lost "their self-confidence, which gains victory," they turned, they fled, and Rome was lost.

The lecturer concluded his admirable address, (of which this is but an abstract) by applying the lesson learnt from the history of the Roman armies to our own times, and by impressing on his audience, as regards the Volunteer movement which has now gained ground in our own favoured land, among those who have honour, life, and property to defend, and who nobly stand up to do their duty in the common cause, the Roman maxim, which is as much English as Roman, that "constant and well-considered preparation for war is necessary for the preservation of peace."

VENICE.

THE GRAND CANAL.

"There is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Cling to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footstep to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invincible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile, in more than eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some, though time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er."—*Rogers*.

In one point this pleasing description of Rogers has been marred, for the services of the gondola have been superseded by a railway bridge in the conveyance of passengers across the lagoon between the mainland and the city.*

A railway on the sea is a strange sight, but it is only in keeping with other things at Venice, where the whole scene strikes one as indescribably strange. You approach the city from the Italian mainland by a viaduct nearly two miles and a half in length, crossing the lagoon, which, though in some parts very shallow, looks like an arm of the ocean. The water spreading far away on both sides of the traveller in the railway carriage; the long line of embankments and arches over which the train sweeps like a sea-bird; the sky painted with glowing colours by the setting sun; the growing shades of evening over the eastern portion of the prospect, where are dimly seen numerous scattered lights, indicating that there is Venice, are objects which indelibly impress themselves on the memory of any one who has ever seen them. Arrived at the terminus—the baggage examined, the passport taken, and a permission given to proceed—the sense of novelty is increased by finding, instead of carriages and cabs, and omnibuses on

* For description and views of Modern Venice, see "Leisure Hour," No. 467.

wheels, a whole fleet of long narrow boats, and others of larger dimensions, which are really omnibuses on the water, with crowds of boisterous attendants offering their services and imploring your custom. Most English persons, we suppose, prefer to take one of these long narrow boats, for the sake of the privacy of the conveyance, and rather than enter the romantic city in so unpromising a vehicle as an omnibus, though it be plied with oars. The long narrow boat referred to bears the name of a gondola—so familiar to every ear, and so suggestive of picturesque forms and poetical associations. It is hardly so picturesque and poetical when seen as when imagined. Its slender shape resembles that of a canoe, with both ends sharply pointed, the stem gently curving and projecting far above the level of the water, the head less prominent, but tapering up into a point surmounted by a piece of bright iron, placed erect, and cut into a form like a row of teeth with a cock's comb on the top. The front part of the vessel is covered over with boards, serving underneath for a locker, and in the middle there is placed a small and inconvenient cabin, where people have to double themselves up in order to sit down. Not unfrequently, however, this cabin is removed, and instead of it, the boat is overspread with a canvas awning, which is a great improvement. Behind it is a sort of miniature quarter-deck, where the gondolier stands with his face to the prow, impelling and guiding with graceful motion this singular sort of boat, by means of an oar or scull which works in an iron stand, fastened to the side. In ancient times these barges were richly painted and gilded, but now they present a very sombre appearance, a sumptuary law in the fifteenth century having prescribed that, with a few exceptions, they should be painted black. The gondola is so early and conspicuous an object of interest to a person visiting Venice, and is a feature so constantly recurring in all the water scenes of this city of canals, that we have thought it proper to be thus particular in our description of it at the very commencement. Embarked within it, even though the inconvenience of the stinted cabin be increased by a pile of travelling-bags and boxes, all is forgotten amidst the thoughts and feelings which come crowding over the mind, producing the effect of a dream, as the boat glides down the Grand Canal, the broad pavement of water bordered on both sides by tall buildings, from whose windows at night come gleams of light that dance and sparkle on the tranquil scene below; while overhead the old stars are quietly shining, just as they did that night when Contarini embarked in his galley to defend the republic after the fall of Chiozza. The quiet of the scene is wonderful: no rumbling of coach-wheels, no cracking of whips, no sound but the cry of the gondolier, as he turns a corner to warn some brother boatman of his approach, or the cadence of a song, perchance, now only seldom heard, like the echo of one of the old serenades that used to be sung under the marble balcony of some senator's palace. Onward the traveller glides till he reaches the entrance of his hotel, the "Albergo di Europa," for example, once the palace of the noble family of the Giustiniani, up whose marble steps from the water's edge he immediately ascends as he quits his gondola.

The Grand Canal, in the shape of the letter S, cuts the city in two, and is the main thoroughfare for traffic and pleasure. Out of it run a number of smaller canals, or *rii*, as they are called, intersecting Venice in all directions, and separating from each other the little islands, to the number of seventy-two, upon which the houses are built. The Grand Canal at the eastern end begins near the Piazzetta, a common place for embarkation and

landing, where gondolas lie together in crowds, and the gondoliers are eagerly on the look-out for fares. Here may be seen idlers of various descriptions, some lounging or reclining on the pavement of the molo, or quay, others shading themselves under the arcades of the ducal palace, or of the cafés and shops on the opposite side. The Venetians have abandoned their characteristic dresses, the man his red tabarro, the woman her black zendale; yet the scarlet cap retained by the one, and the gay shawl thrown over the head of the other, give them a picturesque aspect; while the showy costumes of Greek sailors and Armenian merchants impart brilliancy and liveliness to the scene. These latter dresses, also, together with the presence of a number of small craft and larger vessels moored by the quay, of Turkish build, and overspread with their striped awnings, give a very oriental look to the whole picture. Though the signs of trade are very feeble now, compared with what they were in the days of the Crusades and in the fifteenth century, yet there is considerable activity in the mercantile shipping.

Entering the Grand Canal in a gondola, you pass the gardens of the Austrian governor's palace on the right hand, which, though not remarkable in themselves, strike attention from the rarity of shrubs, and still more of trees, in Venice; and on the left hand, the Dogana del Mare, or custom-house, where, though Venice is a free port, a few small duties are levied on merchandise, to defray certain municipal expenses. The building, though of some architectural pretension, and surmounted by a huge globe, supported by two kneeling figures, with a third erect on the top, is completely eclipsed and thrown into the shade by the imposing church of Santa Maria della Salute, just beyond it, with its lofty porch crowned with statues and its gigantic cupolas. Advancing up the canal, the eye curiously scans the buildings on each side, so very unlike any with which the inhabitants of the north and west of Europe are familiar. For the most part they rise abruptly out of the water, with a flight of steps at the grand entrance, close to which are tall posts, painted with various colours in stripes, and used as mooring points for the gondolas. Persons of consequence in Venice keep gondolas, as the rich in England keep carriages, and two or three of them may be seen fastened to these wooden piers at the doorway of an old palace. Here and there a short extent of parapet or pathway runs in front of a building, and, in a few cases, open spaces occur, covered with pavement, in front of a church or some other public edifice.

These old mansions of the Venetian nobility are of different ages and styles of architecture. Some have a strong Byzantine impress—others a Moorish look—others, again, are decidedly Italian. A few are of the fifteenth century. Most belong to the two following centuries. They are very lofty, some six stories high. The windows and balconies attached to them are the most ornamental parts; at the angles may be seen little lions and dogs in marble, and between them vases of flowers, in which the Venetian women delight greatly. The doorways are frequently very plain. The marble of which these edifices are constructed exhibits few of the stains and marks of age, owing to the nature of the climate; but the general appearance of these famous structures indicates that they have passed into hands very different from those of their former owners. Faded grandeur, neglect, almost decay, are plainly indicated. They look like men in threadbare habiliments, yet retaining the style and fashion of better days. The palace bearing the name of Faliero, but not the residence of the doge of that name who was beheaded, is an ancient

edifice, not badly described by Le Comte as a sort of rustic construction, half Swiss cottage and half Turkish pavilion. The palace of the Giustiniani is in the Moorish style; that called Moro-Lin, on the opposite side of the canal, has a façade exhibiting the four orders, Rustic, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. The Foscari palace is one of the most magnificently built and worst situated in Venice. Its date is the end of the fourteenth century, and it is formed of a triple gallery, with balconies covered by acute arches, producing an effect decidedly Saracenic. It tells of the unfortunate doge whose name it bears—there is the chamber in which he died: but the massive stuffs which now decorate it are in strong contrast with the style of the beautiful exterior. It was once full of splendour, for the family was one of the most illustrious in Venice, furnishing Sicily with kings and other states with princes, besides the republic with a doge.* It has been used as a palace for lodging sovereigns, on their visit to Venice. Here Henry III. of France passed seven months; Casimir of Poland, and the kings of Bohemia and Hungary, have also here received sumptuous hospitality. But the apartments, once so richly adorned and so gaily enlivened, are now neglected, empty, and in ruins. "Who occupy this apartment?" it was asked by a stranger looking over the palace, as he entered a room miserably furnished with the tattered, broken, and decayed remains of ancient magnificence. "Ah!" said the guide, "they are two old ladies, very infirm—they are countesses—they are the last of the Foscari." It is very affecting to think of these last representatives of a noble name lingering in poverty amidst the scene of ancestral splendour. It awakens salutary reflections on the changes of this world, on the humiliation in which glory often ends, on the vanity of earthly things from first to last. The palace of the Contarini, which furnished Venice with no less than eight doges, and of which the cardinal of that name, already mentioned, was a member, is situated at a point where the Grand Canal makes a strong bend, and is of the Lombardic style, ornamented with sculptures of the period of the Renaissance. This family once had four palaces on the Grand Canal, and a fifth at the extremity of Venice. The last is still remarkable for its interior. The Mocenigo family had three palaces contiguous to one another. In two of these the gifted but unhappy Byron resided—first in the centre one, then in that nearest to the Rialto. Every one knows the beautiful stanzas in "Childe Harold":—

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand :
I saw from out the wave his structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles !
* * * * *

"The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord,
And annual marriage, now no more renewed ;
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood !
St. Mark yet sees his Lion where he stood
Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,
Over the proud Place where an emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower."

Every now and then, as the traveller glides down the Grand Canal, he passes the opening of a smaller water street, which runs into the heart of the city, crossed by bridges. Right and left they open interesting perspectives, crossed by bridges, and revealing the caprices of all kinds of architecture. In one of these canals, beyond

the Rialto, and of wider dimensions than most, there stands the celebrated palace of the Manfrini, a building of modern style, well preserved, affording a specimen of the grandeur in which the Venetian nobility lived in the later days of the republic. The interior, consisting of halls, staircases, saloons, and other apartments, resembles a nobleman's house in our own country. From some of the windows is seen the garden of the mansion—a rare thing in Venice—with small angular beds full of flowers. Secret doors here and there remind one of the mysterious doings in such places in former days; and some of the locks of the doors and engraved silver plates are good specimens of Italian art in a former age. There is some old furniture, a good library, and a curious collection of petrified fishes, and shells; but the chief objects of interest are the pictures. There are ten rooms full of them. We cannot attempt to criticise or even enumerate these productions, but we may be allowed to mention a Madonna, by Carlo Dolci; a picture by Pergino, of Christ washing the disciples' feet, in which the heads are executed in the most exquisite manner; a fine Madonna, by Guido, and Lucretia, by the same artist; Bacchus and Ariadne, by Caracci; Titian's mother, by her son, wonderfully natural, but with a vulgar face, much like that of a fishwoman; a famous painting of Ariosto by the same skilful hand—"The poetry of portrait," as Byron says, and "portrait of poetry." We saw the justness of his remark, that there is an extreme resemblance of style in the female faces of so many centuries to those you see daily among the existing Italians. "The queen of Cypris and Giorgione's wife," (or rather the daughter of Palma Beccio,) he adds, "particularly the latter, are Venetians as it were of yesterday—the same eyes and expressions."

There are other noble palaces not on the Grand Canal, amongst which that of Trevisano is particularly noticeable, being richly incrusted with marble, and showing the transition from the Gothic to the Italian style of building. This palace is connected with one of the most extraordinary episodes in Venetian biography—the elopement, in the sixteenth century, of the infamous Bianca Capello, whose father had become the possessor of the house. It was hence that she fled in a gondola with her lover, a banker's clerk, and having reached the mainland proceeded to Florence. Denounced and repudiated by her enraged father, she sought reconciliation in vain through Francesco, the son of Cosmo de' Medici. She soon became the mistress of this man, who was virtually ruler of Florence, and after a series of murders, which we will not stain these pages by relating, he took her as his wife, and thereby made her the Duchess of Florence, he having succeeded to the grand dukedom. An embassy was now despatched to Venice, and the wretched Bianca, on account of the rank she had attained, was actually acknowledged daughter of the republic, and treated accordingly with the highest honour. Her father received her once more to his favour, as though he considered her later crimes had effaced her former dishonour. About eight years after this, both the grand duke and Bianca expired within a few hours of each other, having been poisoned, it is supposed, by Cardinal de' Medici, Francesco's brother. The whole story is illustrative of the manners of the age, the utter want of principle or pure feeling on the part of Venice, and the tremendous lengths of iniquity to which licentious passions will goad on their victims.

There are no less than three hundred and six public bridges in Venice. As you glide through the minor canals, which these bridges cross, they form, in most instances, objects of interest, from their picturesques-

* Le Comte calls them, "Les Stuart de l'histoire Venetienne."

appearance. As you walk over them and pause to look down the canals, the perspective of the views they command is often exceedingly good, such as to delight the artist, and tempt him to make use of his sketch-book. But on the Grand Canal there is only one bridge. Another was projected by the Austrian Government, to commemorate the coronation of the emperor as king of Lombardy. It was to have been built on that part of the canal which faces the Academy of Fine Arts. The traffic across the water at this point, its contiguity to the barracks, and the constant wants of the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, rendered the accomplishment of the design extremely desirable; while the building, if well constructed, would have been an ornament to the canal; but the large sum requisite for the execution of the plan caused its abandonment.

The Rialto, as the single bridge over the Grand Canal is called, derives its name from that of the isle which it connects with the opposite isle of St. Mark. The original bridge was of wood, built in 1264. Several structures of that kind seem to have succeeded each other, destructive fires being mentioned from time to time as destroying them. The last of this description is said to have been so confined that there was scarcely any hour of the day when it could be crossed with convenience. The present celebrated structure was begun in 1589, and completed within two years, all the stone-masons in Venice being employed on the works. It was designed by Antonio da Ponte, and cost two hundred and fifty thousand sequins. Sansovino reports that twelve thousand piles of elm timber, each six feet long, were used to form the first foundation. The bridge itself is entirely of marble, having one noble and graceful arch, the form of which shows how well the rules of art were understood by the ancient Venetians. While the general appearance of the edifice is bold and majestic, exception has fairly been taken to the detail of the sculptures which ornament it. Their merit is inferior, and it is said that it was originally intended that there should have been upon the building much more of sculpture than there is at present. It is related by Le Comte that many at the time were so incredulous about the possibility of accomplishing Antonio's design for the Rialto, that they applied to it a proverb equivalent to the French one, *Quand les poules auront des dents*—When hens have teeth. The work was deemed at the time too bold to be practicable. When the bridge was finished, the proverb was inscribed on one corner by the workmen, who had won a victory over their incredulous contemporaries. The arch is ninety-four feet and a half in the span, and in height from the water twenty-one; the width is seventy-five feet, and it is divided longitudinally by two lines of shops into three parallel streets, each being in fact a series of steps. The middle street is the principal, and is a sort of bazaar for idlers and strangers. Here are found, in particular, those goldsmiths who sell the little Venetian chains of which the strength seems incompatible with the delicacy of the texture.

Leaning over the battlements of this bridge, and looking down upon the canal, the stranger in Venice is struck with the *tout ensemble* of the scene. The buildings of various architecture on both sides, the winding course of the stream making them meet as it were in the distance—windows, balconies, steps, and mooring piers diversifying the surfaces of the building on either hand—gondolas and other craft shooting to and fro with astonishing rapidity, but though numerous, and crossing one another's path, and sometimes seeming to threaten a collision, yet never touching each other—the graceful motion of the gondolier as he skilfully guides his vessel, and the diver-

sified colours which dapple the picture, supplied by the costume of the boatmen and passengers, and often by a freight consisting of vegetables, especially heaps of yellow melons, like huge balls of gold, intermixed with bright green leaves—all these objects form themselves into a picture scarcely to be seen elsewhere, and once seen not to be soon forgotten by one who has an artist's eye.

Some of the buildings contiguous to the Rialto require a brief notice. On the right hand is the Fondaco de' Tedeschi. Formerly there were several factories or marts in Venice belonging to particular nations, just as there are now factories or marts pertaining to European settlers in China. Nations lived together under a domestic jurisdiction, and transacted business under the guarantee of mutual help and protection. The Fondaco de' Tedeschi was one of the edifices used for such a purpose. It was built at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and now, like the remains of some similar structures, is devoted to purposes connected with the government of the city. The Fondaco de' Tedeschi is at present the Dogana, or Custom House. Its walls were once covered with frescoes by Giorgione and Titian. On the left hand of the bridge, being, as already mentioned, the original island of the Rialto, one looks upon a scene which is full of storied recollections of the past. There is old Venice. "Even till the sixteenth century, and perhaps later, Rivo Alto was considered as the city in all legal documents, and distinguished as such from the state of Venice, and of all the eyots and islands upon which the city now stands, it is the most of a continent. After the population was extended into the other quarters, the Rialto continued to be the seat of all the establishments connected with trade and commerce. The Fabbriche, a series of buildings covering perhaps as much as a fifth of the island, and partly connected by arcades, were employed as warehouses and custom-houses, the exchange being held in the piazza opposite the church of San Japoco (the first church built in Venice), an irregular, and now a neglected quadrangle. The whole place was the resort of the mercantile community; but if you seek to realize the locality of Shylock and Antonio, you must station yourself in the double portico at the end of the piazza opposite the church, that being the spot where the "Banco Giro" was held, and where the merchants transacted the business of most weight and consequence. Sabellio tells us that this "nobilissima piazza" was crowded from morning to night.*

It is in this ancient quarter that imagination best conjures up not only the past personages of history, but other shadows to which poetry has given more enduring fame, making Venice the city of romance :

"For unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the Dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock, and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
The key-stones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore."

Leaving the Rialto, we may observe in connection with the application of old edifices to modern purposes, that some of the palaces once occupied by noble merchants are now the abodes and offices of foreign consuls. The palace of the Cavalli, now occupied by the French consul, and that of the Cozzi, now in the possession of the Spanish, are both handsome buildings: the same thing cannot be said of the house used for the English consu-

late. It may be added that the residences of both the French and Spanish representatives have the right of asylum for civil offenders, but not for state criminals.

Two palaces are turned into hotels. The Moorish-looking palace of Nani Mocenigo is now the "Albergo Reale," where the visitor may enjoy patrician splendour. The palace of the Guistiniani, an edifice of similar architecture of the sixteenth century, is now the "Albergo dell' Europa," the most frequented hotel in Venice.

The light gaiety of Venetian life long survived the fall of Venetian power and grandeur. But all is gloom and sadness now, under the pressure of Austrian despotism.

The unsuccessful attempts of the Venetians to regain their independence have resulted in more galling oppression and bondage. While pitying their fate, and hoping for their deliverance, there are few who will not concur in the following remarks of an author of large intelligence, sound judgment, and calm feeling, written before the last great events of Venetian history, but now still more applicable: "In the Place of St. Mark," says Mr. Hallam, "among the monuments of extinguished greatness, a traveller may regret to think that an insolent German soldiery has replaced even the senators of Venice. Her ancient liberty, her bright and romantic career of glory in countries so dear to the imagination, her magnanimous defence in the war of Chiozza, a few thinly scattered names of illustrious men, will rise upon his mind, and mingle with his indignation at the treachery which robbed her of her independence. But if he has learned the true attributes of wisdom in civil policy, he will not easily prostitute that word to a constitution formed without reference to property or population, that vested sovereign power in a body of impoverished nobles, partly in an overruling despotism; or to a practical system of government that made vice the ally of tyranny, and sought impunity for its own assassinations by encouraging dissoluteness in private life." The fact is, that the constitution of Venice was an enormous system of unrighteousness, defying the "rights of men and the laws of God," and in its fall we cannot help recognising the operation of retributive justice. The tyranny of the government and the vices of the people, the latter caressed by the former with a view to the impunity of its own proceedings, might well together bring down on the republic at last the judgments of God. The suppression of the gospel at the time of the Reformation, and the cruel martyrdoms of some of Venice's noblest people, filled up the measure of iniquity. Secular historians are taken up with tracing the human antecedents to great national catastrophes, but the study of the Scriptures teaches us to discover causes of a higher class at work in connection with the doings of the children of men. We see God's unchangeable moral laws producing their appropriate results under the administration of his own all-comprehending providence, that "though hand join in hand" to do evil, "the wicked shall not go unpunished." We are led to regard the destruction of Tyre, as recorded in the Bible, not as a solitary and unique case, but as a representative instance, showing how all states, which like that ancient one are full of pride, and luxury, and vice, lifting up their hearts against God, shall at last be covered with humiliation and shame. A lesson of everlasting interest, and one to be pondered by all people, is contained in those fearful words of the Divine oracle, which are so forcibly recalled to our minds as we contemplate the fall of Venice: "By the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned. Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy bright-

ness: I will cast thee to the ground, I will lay thee before kings, that they may behold thee." Ezek. xxviii.

Let us hope that a brighter future may yet await Venice, as a part of regenerated Italy, under the influence of that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation.

"ESQUIRES AND GENTLEMEN."

"Esquire and Gentleman, says Sir Edward Coke, are names of worship rather than dignity."—BLACKSTONE'S "COMMENTARIES."

The title of "Esquire" is one that has lately become so very general in its application, that it is frequently a matter of some difficulty to decide when to apply, and when to omit it. Custom and courtesy alike impel us to make use of the term when it may not be strictly applicable, and there are few who would not rather err on the side of civility than incur ill-will by its omission.

Certainly, could the old heralds reappear on the scene at the present time, they might be somewhat astonished at our promiscuous application of the word. The retired tradesman, the large farmer, and the young clerk, all expect to be addressed with the three magical letters appended to their names, and would perhaps consider themselves insulted if the honourable title were omitted.

It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to consider who are, and who are not, really entitled to the distinction of being called "Esquire."

Esquires, or, as the original word is spelt, *Escuiers* (contracted from *Escutiers*), were so called because it was their custom in battle to bear a shield before the prince or the higher nobility. The Latin word for a shield being *scutum*, the derivation is plain enough. Such were the Esquires of old times; but who are their successors?

Judge Blackstone says, "It is a matter somewhat unsettled, what constitutes the distinction, or who is a real Esquire; for it is not an estate, however large, that confers this rank upon its owner. Camden, who was himself a herald, distinguishes the most accurately, and he reckons up four sorts of them. 1. The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons in perpetual succession. 2. The eldest sons of younger sons of peers, and their eldest sons in like succession. 3. Esquires created by the king's letters patent, or other investiture, and their eldest sons. 4. Esquires by virtue of their office, as justices of the peace, and others who may bear any (special) office of trust under the Crown. To these may be added the Esquires of Knights of the Bath, each of whom constitutes three at his installation."

Doctors in the learned professions, barristers, serjeants-at-law, and colonels in the army, though not strictly Esquires, are ranked by heralds before those worthies, and have always been allowed the title by courtesy.

In a book published in the reign of William III, called "The State of England," we read as follows:—

"In the last place, among the lower nobility are accounted the gentry of England, that have no other title, but are descended of ancient families that have always borne a coat of arms—Gentlemen, *quasi gentilis*, which in the purest times of the Roman tongue signified the same thing with them, as gentlemen doth with us, to wit, one of a good family, whose ancestors were never servants, and who themselves were never degraded by reason of misdemeanor or poverty. Since the declining of the Empire, gentility is, as the lawyer's phrase is, *daliva* as well as *nativa*, and notwithstanding the Spanish proverb *Il Rey no puede hazer hidalgo*—the king cannot make a gentleman; yet the king can make a gentle-

man by charter, by bestowing an honourable employment upon him." The writer proceeds to mention some privileges once possessed by gentlemen, of which we quote two: "Anciently, if any ignoble person did strike a gentleman in England, he was to lose his hand." "The arms of the English gentry descend to all the sons alike; only the eldest son may bear arms without difference, which the younger may not."

This leads us to touch on the subject of heraldry, which science sprang naturally enough from the usages of knighthood and war. It was necessary that each knight should adopt some particular mark or cognizance, because he was enveloped in a panoply that would have made it impossible to distinguish him in the fight or tournament. The Saxon and Norman warriors, therefore, like their wild German ancestors, were early accustomed to place some device upon their crests. Then were added other devices on the shield, generally emblematic, and which appear to have been assumed at the caprice of the bearer.

At the time of the Crusades, these devices acquired a peculiar and sacred value, and the crests and bearings on the shields of the Crusaders were assumed with natural pride by their sons; and thus, what was merely a personal distinction, became the badge of a family. From this period, heraldry assumed the form of a regular science.

A book on heraldry, printed nearly three hundred years ago, and called "The Accedens of Armory," lies before me, and it contains so much that is applicable to the subjects under discussion, that I am tempted to make some long extracts from it. The book is written in the form common to old authors, namely, that of a dialogue, or "familiar talk" between two friends, who in this case consist of a "Herehaught" and a "Caligat Knight."

First, however, comes a preface, setting forth the objects of the work, and which contains a few severe strictures on those who care nothing for the science, namely, the "ungentle." This class is divided into the "gentile ungentle," who "of negligence stop mustard-pottes with their fathers' pedigrees;" the "ungentle gentlemen," who squander their money with dice; and "the third sorte, and worst of all, who are but very stubble curs, neither doers, sufferers, nor well speakers of honour's tokens."

Here follows a little anecdote of one of these "stubble curs," who, being "called to worship," or advanced to some post of dignity, was requested by a "Herehaught" to produce his coat, meaning, of course, his coat of arms. But the low-minded "worship" sent the servant maid to fetch his coat, "which, being brought, was of cloth, guarded by Burquinian garde of bare velvet, well baudefied on the half placard, and squalioted in the four quarters." His worship offered it to the herald on very reasonable terms; but he "being somewhat moved, sayde, 'I neither asked you for this cote, sheep-cote, or hoghiscote, but my meaning was to have seen your cote of arms.' 'Arms,' quod he; 'I would have good legs, for mine arms are indifferent.'" Upon which the disheartened herald appears to have given up the idea of instructing so gross-minded a man as his worship.

We must not follow the learned "Herehaught" through his discourse upon colours and precious stones, their virtues and significations, but pass on to where he speaks of nobleness.

"Noblenes (according as authors have written of the same) is a dignitie and excellencye of birth and lignage; for when private possessions were given by the consent of the people, who had then all things in commune, and

were equal without degree, they gave both the one and the other to him at whose vertue they marvelled, and of whom they received a commune benefit, and this benigntie is called in English gentleness, and thereof were they called gentlemen."

After this fanciful description of a universal brotherhood, which we think rather imaginary, the learned "Herehaught" distinguishes between "noblenes of vertue and noblenes of lignage."

"Noblenes of vertue," he says, "is a glory gotten by courage of manhood, good conditions, chaste living, and by laudable honesty. Therefore, as the soule is more precious than the body, so much is noblenes of vertue more precious than noblenes of lignage."

"A very perfect noble," he says, moreover, "is ashamed to sinne."

"Noblenes of lignage is an excellencye of dignity going out of the body, but not coming out away of himself that is so enblised; for perhaps he never deserved that which came to him from his ancestors, who by their merits have gotten the same. And therefore coming of Nature's gift, it ought not to be boasted of; for Seneca sayth, 'He that doth boast of the stock that he came of doth prayse another man.'"

The old heralds, according to all accounts, have not always administered strict justice in the dispensation of coats of armour, and have occasionally received bribes from those who have risen from a low station, to derive their pedigrees from noble families.

Butler says, in "Hudibras"—

"Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
Can make a gentleman scarce a year old
To be descended of a race
Of ancient knights in a small space,
That we should all opinions hold
Authentic that we can make old."

A note on this passage informs us that it was written in satire upon the mock gentry of the time, who, increasing in riches, laid claim to family pedigrees to which they had no right. Dryden also mentions this practice in his "Hind and Panther," where he says—

"Do you not know that for a little coin,
Heralds can foist a name into the line?"

But the days of intense passion for heraldic distinction are over, and men are esteemed more for their individual merit than for their accident of birth.

The times are changed. Former distinctions among the English gentry have ceased to be recognised, and the man of humble origin, who has worked his way up in the social scale, may often now find entrance into society from which, in old times, he would have been mercilessly excluded. Places of honour are open to all who have the ability to ascend to them, and the rising man of humble extraction need not fear being reminded of his origin, unless he assume the distinctions to which he has no right, and affects superiority over those who really are of better birth than himself, though, perhaps, with less influence and more slender means.

Only let us humbly and conscientiously fulfil the duties allotted us by Providence, and we shall be honoured by our fellow men, although the heralds may not give us the technical grade of "Esquires," or "Gentlemen." If the "pride of parentage" is in any form justifiable, happy he who can use the words of the Christian poet—

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies."

Varieties.

TAXATION IN 1801 AND 1861.—In 1801 the amount of gross revenue per head of population was £3 7s., and in 1861 it was £2 13s. Although the revenue is twice what it was sixty years ago, the pressure of taxation is a third less, and we are drawing to that extent less upon the national resources.

FICTION.—It is easier to drive back the tide than to forbid fiction. But we have no wish to forbid it when it is used in moderation, and when it is worthy to be used. It lightens the leaden sky of many a dull young life. It helps us to know the world without mixing in it; to think clearly, healthily, and cheerfully, on many subjects of which we cannot speak freely. Satan is a robber of much treasure that belongs to us. If the imagination is ignored, while the other gifts of the understanding are disproportionately cultivated, we must lose, we may suffer.—*The Christian Observer*.

FIRST VIEW OF THE ALHAMBRA.—The snowy summit of the Sierra Nevada lies like a brilliant cloud in the distance, marking the situation of Granada, the city of romantic history. Every mountain summit in this country spreads before you a mass of history, filled with places renowned for some wild and heroic achievement. But Granada, *bellissima Granada!* think what must have been our delight when, after passing the famous bridge of Pinos, the scene of many a bloody encounter between Moor and Christian, and remarkable for having been the place where Columbus was overtaken by the messenger of Isabella, when about to abandon Spain in despair, we turned a promontory of the arid mountains of Elvira, and Granada, with its towers, its Alhambra, and its snowy mountains, burst upon our sight. The evening sun shone gloriously upon its red towers as we approached it, and gave a mellow tone to the rich scenery of the vega. It was like the magic glow which poetry and romance have shed over this enchanting place.—*Life of Washington Irving*.

HAIR DRESSING AND EAR DISEASE.—The fashion now so prevalent among the ladies, in dressing the hair, entirely conceals that beautiful organ, the ear, and it is to be feared that it will give rise, in many instances, to ear disease. It certainly was never intended by nature. Folds of bandoline, horse-hair, wool, and such like artificial commodities, which resemble an imitation of a bird's nest in the cage of a goldfinch or canary, are now employed by ladies to give the appearance of a super-abundant crop of nature's charming appendage to the pericranium. We have high authority for asserting that numerous cases of deafness among our female population are every week, in London alone, submitted to the opinion of aurists, and are proved to have arisen from this absurd and unnatural fashion of bolstering up the hair with a large pillow of superficial matter, thereby preventing a free and indispensable current of the external atmosphere, and concealing that beautiful organ which was designed to be one of nature's prettiest attractions. Let young ladies take a hint from these facts, and cease to deform the ear with a bundle of horsehair and black wool, continually pressing on it to destroy its shape, usefulness, and beauty.

RESULTS OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.—Before the invasion of the Crimea, the military power of Russia was a constant menace to Europe: that power was exhausted by the defence of Sebastopol. It became necessary for the Czar to send to that distant part of his empire vast bodies of troops, which were not only enormously reduced by war and its ordinary casualties, but by the fatigues and exposure of long and arduous marches. The total losses of Russia will never be known; they have been estimated at more than half a million. Since the peace Russia has made little or no progress towards replacing these terrible losses. Her strength as a military power has been seriously crippled; Austria and Prussia have been relieved from her impious influence; and although a party in Prussia may still lean to a Russian alliance, yet the danger threatened by the preponderating influence of Russia in central Europe has now passed. Thus has one of the chances of a European war been removed. At no time was this more evident to thoughtful men than during the French campaign in Italy. The mouths of the Danube have been set free; Turkey has been delivered from the danger of invasion; and although the ambitious policy of Russia in the East has not been abandoned, and by her ceaseless intrigues amongst the Christian populations she still keeps the empire in constant agitation, impeding both real

progress on the part of the Turkish government and material improvement in the condition of the Christians themselves, yet Turkey has no longer reason to fear any actual armed interference. Russia herself has learnt the little value of mere military strength. The great engine of despotic power, raised at so vast a cost to the empire by Nicholas, crumbled away before the stern realities of war. A new era has begun, and the Emperor Alexander and the most wise and prudent of his councillors have been taught that the greatness and strength of Russia must be sought in the improvement of her civil administration, the extension of the liberties of her people, and the reform of those abuses which reduced her in some respects even below the level of Turkey. This is an additional pledge for the peace of the world. England was awakened from the lethargy which a long continuance of peace in Europe had brought upon her. Summoned once more to war, she proved, at first, unequal to the task. Her military administration and establishments were found wanting. They broke down at the very outset. The loss and suffering entailed upon our armies, and the consequent prolongation of the war, deeply affected the people of this country, and roused them to a sense of their danger and insecurity. They have led to military reforms, in accordance with the progress of the age. But whilst the system failed in the Crimean war, England saw with just pride that there was no falling off in the ancient valour and in the noble spirit of resignation and devotion of her soldiers.—*The Quarterly Review*.

DUCK LANE, WESTMINSTER.—At the last Annual Conference of the Society of Friends, Miss Cooper, in a simple but most interesting manner, detailed some of her early experiences in establishing the Workmen's Club in Duck Lane, Westminster, in what had been the "One Tun" public-house, the neighbourhood being one of the worst in London. She first commenced with a Mothers' Meeting, but tried many things in vain to influence the men. They required a separate effort; nor were they willing to come to the school-room or rooms used for other purposes. This led to the fitting-up the club-room, and her first experiment was amongst the most incorrigible. She laid down two rules only—one, that no intoxicating liquors were to be brought on to the premises; and the other, that newspapers and games were to be put away on Sunday. Further rules were left to the men, and the management was in the hands of a committee of working men. The success had been complete: there had been no disorder or damage committed. The men had formed reading, writing, ciphering, singing, and Bible classes, a loan club, penny bank, a barrow society for costermongers, and a temperance society. On Sunday the hall was supplied with religious books, and a short service was held in the evening. It was a mistake to suppose that the men will be driven away by religion; on the contrary, they like to see consistency. [The "Ragged School Union Magazine," for May, contains a full account of the Duck Lane Working-men's Club. The foregoing paragraph is extracted from "The Friend."]

LORD ELDON'S PROTESTANTISM.—Talking of Malmesbury Abbey, I remember our late City Chamberlain used to tell an anecdote. The Bristol Corporation, in their admiration of old Chancellor Eldon's Protestantism, presented him with the freedom of the city. Mr. Thomas Garrard, with great exertion, produced a piece of old oak from Malmesbury Abbey, which he had made into a box, and in this box he placed the complimentary document. In due course the Lord Chancellor acknowledged "the high compliment paid him by the ancient, loyal, and Protestant Corporation of the second city of England," but said nothing about the box. The Chamberlain, piqued at this oversight, took occasion to call his lordship's attention to it, through a surgeon who was the medical attendant of the great law lord when in the country, and who was also a friend of Mr. Garrard. On one evening, when the surgeon was quietly dining with his lordship, he brought the subject round, and asked him if he knew the material of the box in which the presentation was. "No," said the Chancellor. "It was, my lord," answered the other, expecting to create a great effect, "it was a piece of the old oak of Malmesbury Abbey." But he was disappointed. Old Eldon was no sentimentalist. "Malmesbury Abbey," he grunted out; "nothing .the better of that—it must smell Popish."—*Bristol Journal*.